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Readings Booklet

January 1996



English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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January 1996
English 30 Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 7 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. You may take an additional 1/2 hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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I. Questions 1 to 11 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from an article.

WALTER KARP (1934–1989)

Walter Karp died on July 19—at the age of fifty-five, without prior notice, quite possibly as the result of a hospital’s error or neglect—and it was as if a steady and familiar light had been blown away in a sudden wind. Karp had been a contributing editor of *Harper’s Magazine* for eleven years, and because I admired him both as a writer and as a man, his death seems to me a grievous loss. I know that I have lost a friend in whose presence I invariably found myself added unto, and I don’t think it too much to say that the American public has lost a vigilant and courageous advocate of its civil liberties. Karp’s was a voice of dissent—often angry, sometimes comic, always impassioned.

He was a stormy petrel¹ of a man, small and excitable, delighting in the rush of his words and the energy of his ideas, loyal to his convictions, indifferent to his material circumstances, trembling with a furious intensity that was both moral and intellectual, remorseless in his pursuit of what he thought was the truth. I remember him as being somehow constantly in motion, barely able to contain himself, quick to doubt and to question, never satisfied with what he called “the official version of things.”

His passion was politics, and his precepts were simple and few. He believed that in America it is the people who have rights, not the state, and that the working of a democratic republic requires a raucous assembly of citizens unafraid to speak their minds. He thought that if only enough people had the courage to say what they meant, then all would be well. His reading of American history (especially the writings of Jefferson, and Madison, and Adams) taught him that the boon of liberty never could be taken lightly or for granted and that the American Constitution assumed a ceaseless and bitter struggle between the interests of the few and the hopes of the many, between those who would limit and those who would extend the authority of the people.

Karp enlisted himself in the ranks of the many, and the articles and essays that he published in *Harper’s Magazine* (seventeen of them between September 1978 and July 1989) mostly had to do with what he called “the wanton abuse of power” on the part of government officials, both elected and appointed, who

Continued

¹stormy petrel—small, dark seabird with long wings. Figuratively, a person fond of strife; a harbinger of trouble; from the belief that the petrel is active before a storm

minted the currency of the public trust into the base coin of their own petty ambitions. His method was one of investigative reading, and he approached his study of politics as a historian less interested in the news of scandal (which he accepted as a constant) than in what John Adams once called “that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge” about the character and conduct of the nation’s rulers.

Karp thought that the meaning of political events revealed itself more plainly in the reading room of a public library than in a White House press conference or in private conversations with well-placed government officials, who, as Karp well knew, entertained their respondents with welcome and self-serving lies. Once embarked on a line of inquiry, he read everything pertinent to the composition of a reliable record—newspapers, documents, journals, congressional testimony—and with his facts in hand could measure the distance between what politicians said and what they did. He described his method as “simply a matter of paying attention to public deeds that have been largely ignored or made light of”; and the dismantling of the grandiose fictions behind which “the lying pantaloons” in Washington concealed the shabbiness of their acts moved him to wild and derisive outbursts of sardonic glee. He liked the old and straightforward words that were synonymous with American political writing in the late eighteenth century—“oligarchy,”² “tyranny,” “elective despotism”—and he wrote his essays in a language bright with fierce eloquence.

Karp had little use for the customary reduction of political discourse into the vocabulary of decorous abstraction. He understood politics as a series of not very difficult answers to the not very difficult questions of who does what to whom, for how long, and at what cost to the common good. Nothing so moved him to mockery and scorn as the assumption that the sequence of historical events could be assigned to the “unseen workings of indeterminate forces” or that the art of political chicane³ could be attributed to the paltry desire of money.

I remember arguing the point with him on more than one afternoon in a downtown café, and I can still see him glaring at me across the table and denouncing me as a fool too easily caught in the net of facile cant.⁴ “The hardest way to make a million dollars,” he said, “is to become a United States senator. Any vicious, impudent, brazen, shrewd, gifted person can think of an infinite

Continued

²oligarchy—an undemocratic form of government in which power is held by a select few

³chicane—trickery

⁴facile cant—superficial jargon

number of better ways to become rich than to become a crooked politician.”

65 Not that Karp didn’t think that most politicians weren’t brazen or impudent or crooked, but he understood that they savored the sweet and palpable pleasures of exercising power, and I can still hear him laughing at the “absurd notion—very popular in the news media and the universities”—that somehow political power was of no interest to the people who held and enjoyed that power. . . .

70 Karp’s methods and convictions, to say nothing of his language, put him at odds with the rules of deportment and the canons⁵ of taste that regulate the tone of contemporary American journalism. He published eight books and countless magazine articles but never was generally acknowledged as an important writer; he never earned more than \$30,000 in any one year, and he received few of the
75 ornamental honors, subsidies, and flattering reviews that the journalistic profession bestows upon the virtues of solemn orthodoxy.⁶ Karp’s enemies, who were many and envious, dismissed him as “cranky,” “old-fashioned,” “too literary,” “too historical.”

The world didn’t trust Walter Karp and rewarded him with nothing in its gift.
80 I doubt that he expected otherwise. I think he would have been insulted if he had been offered a Pulitzer Prize. He would have thought that he had said something too easy, too obvious, too polite. Mainstream American journalism was a profession that he held in contempt, because he understood that the press, by and large, takes its prompts from the government, that it repeats what it is told by
85 official sources (the Congress, the White House, the Defense Department), that it is in the business of defending the interests of the few against the hopes of the many. To Karp’s mind the media were passive by nature and subservient by habit, accepting “leaks” and “handouts” as if they were gratuities offered to a butler or a gamekeeper.

90 Because Karp didn’t court the grace-and-favor of those in office, he didn’t depend for his opinions on the whispers and rumors current among the best people on the Sunday morning talk shows. He had the courage to think for himself, a writer cut in the American grain who could count among his antecedents spirits as restless and various as Ambrose Bierce, Albert Jay Nock, and H. L. Mencken.

95 Despite his mocking pessimism he was never cynical, and he retained his faith in the energy and imagination of the American people. Confronted with

Continued

⁵canons—standards

⁶orthodoxy—conventionality, conforming to usual or accepted beliefs or practices

another proof of mindless folly in the day's newspapers, he was fond of citing Jefferson's dictum that "we are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth."

100 Across the whole spectrum of political debate the silence has become almost audible, and I sorely miss Walter Karp's passionate dissent, just as I miss his sardonic wit and his antic improvisations on the themes of oligarchy and elective despotism. He was a historian of the best kind—an excited amateur who didn't allow the weight of footnotes or the fear of a faculty committee to impede the line of his argument or the enthusiasm of his thought. I took courage from his
105 example, and I thought of him as one of the magazine's principal voices not only of dissent but also of conscience—restless, uncomfortable, uncowed, prodding me to eschew⁷ cant, to remember the uses as well as the right of free speech, to do better.

Lewis H. Lapham
American Journalist

⁷eschew—avoid, shun, stay away from

II. Questions 12 to 22 in your Questions Booklet are based on the following excerpt from William Shakespeare's play *Coriolanus*.

from CORIOLANUS, Act III, scene iii

CHARACTERS:

CORIOLANUS—a Roman general, noted for his prowess

MENENIUS—friend of Coriolanus

COMINIUS—a general

SICINIUS—}

BRUTUS— } tribunes (officers elected to protect the liberties of the people)

AEDILE—magistrate superintending public matters

Senators

Citizens of Rome (Plebeians)

The setting of this play is Rome, third century, A.D. CORIOLANUS has recently achieved a dramatic victory in battle, and as a result, the Roman senators have recommended that he be appointed to the office of Consul. However, the citizens of Rome are also required to vote on such an appointment, and they have been persuaded to voice their contempt for the arrogant manner in which CORIOLANUS has treated all commoners. Having been counselled by his friends and family to avoid losing his notorious temper, CORIOLANUS enters the public Forum to hear the tribunes and allay the concerns of the people.

(Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS, with others.)

SICINIUS: Well, here he comes.

MENENIUS: Calmly, I do beseech you.

CORIOLANUS: Aye, as an ostler,¹ that for th' poorest piece²

Will bear the knave by th' volume. Th' honored gods

5 Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

Supplied with worthy men! Plant love among's!

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace

And not our streets with war!

FIRST SENATOR: Amen, amen.

10 **MENENIUS:** A noble wish.

(Enter AEDILE, with the PLEBEIANS.)

SICINIUS: Draw near, ye people.

Continued

¹ostler—(hosteler) man or boy at an inn who works in the stables

²poorest piece—smallest coin

- AEDILE: List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say!
 CORIOLANUS: First, hear me speak.
- 15 BOTH TRIBUNES: Well, say. Peace, ho!
 CORIOLANUS: Shall I be charged no further than this present?
 Must all determine here?
- SICINIUS: I do demand.
 If you submit you to the people's voices.
 20 Allow³ their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be proved upon you.
- CORIOLANUS: I am content.
- MENENIUS: Lo, citizens, he says he is content.
 25 The warlike service he has done, consider; think
 Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
 Like graves i' th' holy churchyard.
- CORIOLANUS: Scratches with briers,
 Scars to move laughter only.
- 30 MENENIUS: Consider further.
 That when he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier. Do not take
 His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier
 35 Rather than envy you.⁴
- COMINIUS: Well, well, no more.
- CORIOLANUS: What is the matter
 That, being passed for consul with full voice,
 I am so dishonored that the very hour
 40 You take it off again?
- SICINIUS: Answer to us.
- CORIOLANUS: Say, then. T'is true, I ought so.
- SICINIUS: We charge you, that you have contrived to take
 From Rome all seasoned office, and to wind
 45 Yourself into a power tyrannical,
 For which you are a traitor to the people.
- CORIOLANUS: How! Traitor!
- MENENIUS: Nay, temperately! Your promise.
- CORIOLANUS: The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people!
 50 Call me their traitor, thou injurious tribune!

Continued

³Allow—acknowledge

⁴envy you—show malice toward you

Within⁵ thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
“Thou liest” unto thee with a voice as free

55 As I do pray the gods.

SICINIUS: Mark you this, people?

ALL [Citizens]: To th’ rock, to th’ rock with him!

SICINIUS: Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge.

60 What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him—even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
65 Deserves th’ extremest death.

BRUTUS: But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

CORIOLANUS: What do you prate of service?

BRUTUS: I talk of that that know it.

70 **CORIOLANUS:** You!

MENENIUS: Is this the promise that you made your mother?

COMINIUS: Know, I pray you—

CORIOLANUS: I’ll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,⁶
75 Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have’t with saying “Good morrow.”

80 **SICINIUS:** For that he has
(as much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
85 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it—in the name o’ th’ people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,

Continued

⁵Within—If within

⁶steep Tarpeian death—the cliffside in Rome over which those convicted of treason were hurled

- In peril of precipitation
 90 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates. I' th' people's name,
 I say it shall be so.
ALL [Citizens]: It shall be so, it shall be so! Let him away!
 He's banished, and it shall be so.
- 95 **COMINIUS**: Hear me, my masters and my common friends—
SICINIUS: He's sentenced; no more hearing.
COMINIUS: Let me speak.
 I have been consul, and can show for Rome
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 100 My country's good with a respect more tender,
 More holy and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
 And treasure of my loins, then if I would
 Speak that—
- 105 **SICINIUS**: We know your drift. Speak what?
BRUTUS: There's no more to be said, but he is banished
 As enemy to the people and his country.
 It shall be so.
ALL [Citizens]: It shall be so, it shall be so.
- 110 **CORIOLANUS**: You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
 As reek o' th' rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you.
 And here remain with your uncertainty!
 115 Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders, till at length
 Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,⁷
 120 Making but reservation of yourselves,
 Still your own foes) deliver you as most
 Abated captives to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising
 For you the city, thus I turn my back.
 125 There is a world elsewhere.
 (*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *with the other* Senators.)

Continued

⁷finds not till it feels—does not understand until it suffers the consequences

AEDILE: The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

ALL [Citizens]: Our enemy is banished, he is gone! Hoo—oo!

(They all shout, and throw up their caps.)

130 SICINIUS: Go see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath followed you, with all despite,⁸

Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

ALL [Citizens]: Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come!

135 The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

(Exeunt.)

William Shakespeare

⁸despite—contempt

III. Questions 23 to 30 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

WHEN MY FATHER WENT TO WALES

When my father went to Wales in '61
for his father's funeral
I was twelve
and knew nothing.
5 Death was real but remote,
like the origin of the world
or the Ed Sullivan Show.¹
But having touched my father
death became a constant
10 in my world. Having taken his father
my own was suddenly vulnerable
to that theft, and from then on
I guarded him with the magic
of a twelve-year-old: words,
15 things, the power of thought
unknown to him kept him free
of that other's possession.
Once he came close to falling;
I forgot or relaxed or was distracted
20 and he glimpsed his father's world.
Never again would I be so negligent.
And though he will fall, as he must,
into his father's arms,
I know it will not be the magic's fault
25 or mine, or anything to do with failure.
He will fall as we all must
into a world which was once his own,
and seeing his old man again
he will be happy, and happy
30 will turn to brace his arms
for me, following.

Dermot McCarthy
Canadian poet

¹the Ed Sullivan Show—a popular television show of the 50s and 60s featuring various celebrities

IV. Questions 31 to 45 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *Crampton Hodnet*.

from CRAMPTON HODNET

Miss Morrow lives in North Oxford as a companion to Miss Doggett, an elderly spinster. Mr. Latimer, a clergyman, has recently taken up lodgings at Leamington Lodge, Miss Doggett's residence. Miss Morrow and Mr. Latimer have spent the afternoon walking and realize that it is now too late for Mr. Latimer to be at the evening church service.

"What a good thing Reverend Wardell was preaching tonight," said Miss Morrow, hurrying along. "Though of course he'll wonder what's happened to you."

"I wonder what I ought to tell him," said Mr. Latimer thoughtfully.

- 5 "Why, the truth, of course," said Miss Morrow, as if the possibility of a clergyman's doing anything else had not occurred to her.

"The truth?" said Mr. Latimer doubtfully.

- 10 "Yes, I think he'd understand. Say that you took advantage of Miss Doggett's being away from home to go for a walk on Shotover.¹ That you walked right over the other side and then discovered that you couldn't possibly get back by half past six, even if you got a bus straight away. And then no buses seemed to come and it started to rain and it was seven o'clock before you were back in Oxford," Miss Morrow finished up triumphantly.

- 15 "But it sounds so silly. It makes me out to be such a feeble, inefficient sort of creature," said Mr. Latimer, protesting.

"Well, men *are* feeble, inefficient sorts of creatures," said Miss Morrow calmly, "but you can lay the blame on me if you like. Women are used to bearing burdens and taking blame. I have been blamed for everything for the last five years," she continued, "even for King Edward VIII's abdication."

- 20 "Oh, I can't bring *you* into this," said Mr. Latimer, in a shocked tone of voice.

"Why ever not?" asked Miss Morrow, genuinely surprised.

- 25 "Well. . . ." Mr. Latimer hesitated. "There might be a scandal. People might talk. You know what I mean," he went on quickly, sensing a mocking quality in her silence. "When people think of us walking about on Shotover Hill in the *dark* they might easily take it the wrong way."

"But it wasn't dark then," said Miss Morrow, aggravatingly literal. "It didn't get dark till we were on the road trying to get a bus. You really have the most curious ideas. If you think anyone could make up a scandal about *me*, you

Continued

¹Shotover—a hill in the surrounding countryside

30 flatter me.”

“No, I don’t,” he said with sudden irritation. “I’m only looking at the facts and imagining how other people might interpret them. You can’t be so unworldly as to be ignorant of what I mean.”

35 “I still think you flatter me,” said Miss Morrow, striding along with her arms full of berries and branches. “Companions to old ladies are supposed to be essentially unworldly. To imply the contrary is surely a compliment. It conjures up pictures of silver fox furs, and perfumes to suit every occasion, and reading *Vogue* instead of the *Church Times*.”

Mr. Latimer could hardly help smiling at this, but he was still annoyed with
40 Miss Morrow for not seeing his point of view. An unmarried clergyman could never be too careful, and he had already had a good deal of experience of the consequences of the slightest indiscretion. He had thought Miss Morrow so very safe and sensible, essentially the sort of person who could be relied upon to do the right thing. Was she going to turn out like all the others? Was she going to noise
45 it about North Oxford that *she* had been the cause of the clergyman’s nonappearance at evening prayers? For it *had* really been her fault, he told himself, working up his feelings against her. She had said that she knew the way back and how long it took, and where and when one could get a bus. Perhaps she had deliberately trapped him, he thought, getting more and more angry; perhaps
50 she hoped that she was going to catch him. His mouth set in a firm line and he walked on without speaking.

“Do you honestly imagine,” said Miss Morrow, quickening her step to catch up with him, “that Miss Doggett would have left us alone together in the house if she had thought that anyone could *possibly* think anything of it? She herself
55 would be the first person to make a scandal; she always is. And yet she goes and leaves us together in the house. What do you think of that?”

“Well, she couldn’t have taken me to Tunbridge Wells,” said Mr. Latimer obstinately. “I’m not a pet dog.”

Miss Morrow felt that she wanted to giggle. “And she never takes me
60 because she moves in rather high society there, and she likes to leave somebody at home to see that the servants behave and don’t poke among her things. So it was quite natural that she should leave us both. I really think you’re making an unnecessary fuss.”

“Well, I didn’t start it,” said Mr. Latimer crossly.

65 “And I’m sure I didn’t,” said Miss Morrow. “Anyway, nobody will ever know about it unless *you* tell them. I only said you could blame me if you wanted to.”

“We’re getting into the Banbury Road,” said Mr. Latimer suddenly. “It seems full of people. I suppose I ought to go into church. I shall only have

Continued

70 missed about three quarters of an hour."

"Only three quarters of an hour!" Miss Morrow said. "You're so anxious to conceal your movements, and then you suggest going into church in the middle of the service! Why, it would cause a sensation. Every member of the congregation would wonder where you'd been, whereas if you don't go in, nobody but the

75 minister will know that you ought to have been there."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," said Mr. Latimer. "And in any case I'm rather wet. What are the servants going to think when we arrive like this?" he said suddenly. "All wet and bedraggled, and you carrying all those trailing things?"

"I often go for a walk and come back carrying trailing things," said Miss
80 Morrow calmly. "In any case Florence will have gone out, and old Maggie never notices anything. Just be quite calm about it," she added reassuringly. "I don't suppose Maggie will see us anyway. We can slip upstairs."

Mr. Latimer rather disliked the idea of slipping upstairs. It sounded almost as if there was something immoral about it. But he said nothing. Miss Morrow,
85 thank goodness, seemed to be behaving sensibly after all. Perhaps she was not trying to catch him. He felt almost annoyed.

The front door of Leamington Lodge was of the old-fashioned kind, which can be opened from the outside without a latch key, and so Miss Morrow and Mr. Latimer were able to do their slipping upstairs very successfully. Old Maggie,
90 who was sitting in the kitchen, reading a story about a girl who was a Mother but not a Wife, did not even hear them come in.

"Well now, that's all right," whispered Miss Morrow, when they were standing under the stained-glass window on the landing. "You'd better go and have a bath, or you'll catch cold."

95 Why, she's quite a nice-looking woman, thought Mr. Latimer suddenly, and, indeed, Miss Morrow looked not displeasing in the dim light. The rain and the exercise of walking had freshened her complexion and brightened her eyes, and such hair as showed under her unbecomingly sensible felt hat had curled itself into little tendrils. When her hair was tidy it was so tightly scraped back that one
100 would never have suspected that it could curl. If she were decently dressed, thought Mr. Latimer . . . but then pulled himself up. What on earth was he thinking about?

"Yes, I think I ought to have a bath and take some aspirins," he said seriously. "I don't want my rheumatism to come on."

105 "And perhaps you ought to put some mustard in the bath and have a hot drink," suggested Miss Morrow.

Could it be that she was making fun of him? he thought, glancing quickly at her. But her expression was perfectly serious, and she even told him that there

Continued

was some mustard in the bathroom cupboard.

110 Miss Morrow went into her bedroom. She felt that she wanted to laugh, a
good long laugh because life was so funny, so much funnier than any book. But
as sane people don't laugh out loud when they are alone in their bedrooms, she
had to content herself with going about smiling as she changed her clothes and
tidied her hair. She went to the wardrobe to get out her brown marocain² with the
115 beige collar, but as she was looking among the drab folds of her dresses, her eye
was caught by the rich gleam of her blue velvet. It had been bought to attend a
wedding. Miss Doggett had thought it an extravagance. The brown coat with a
new collar would have done just as well. Nobody would expect Miss Morrow to
be grandly dressed. It had been quite a success at the wedding, but Miss Morrow
120 had never worn it since. She felt happier in the brown marocain, which Miss
Doggett's eye would regard with approval, if it regarded it at all.

I'll wear the blue velvet tonight, thought Miss Morrow, it's silly to keep
things. It would give her pleasure to wear it, and she wouldn't be embarrassed by
any comment from Mr. Latimer. Men never noticed things like that.

125 At twenty minutes to eight she was down in the drawing-room. With sudden
recklessness she went to the fireplace and piled more coal on the fire. They would
be coming out of church any time now. Supposing the minister were to call to
find out why Mr. Latimer hadn't been at evening prayers? What should she say?
She hoped he would soon come down, so that he could deal with the situation in
130 his own way.

She took her knitting out of its flowered bag and examined it to see when she
could start casting off for the armholes. She was in the middle of a row when the
front door bell rang. Oh, dear, she thought, that must be the minister. She flung
her knitting onto the sofa and ran swiftly to the window to see if she could catch a
135 glimpse of whoever it was, but all she could see was a dark shape that looked
more like a woman than a man. Where was Maggie? Why wasn't she answering
the door? At last, after what seemed a very long time, Miss Morrow heard her
shambling old footsteps in the hall. Then the drawing-room door was opened.

"It's Mrs. Wardell," said Maggie.

140 "Oh, Mrs. Wardell, good evening. How are you? Do sit down." Miss
Morrow began scurrying about the room, picking up her knitting and putting it
down again, clearing imaginary objects off chairs and sofas.

"Well, well," said Mr. Latimer, coming into the room rubbing his hands and
looking very pleased. "I had a splendid bath." When he saw Mrs. Wardell he
145 stopped in the middle of the room, his hands suspended in mid-air. "Oh, good
evening, Mrs. Wardell, how nice to see you," he said in a hurrying tone. Then,
evidently feeling that some explanation was needed as to why he had been having
a bath when he should have been assisting at evening prayers, he plunged into a

Continued

²marocain—silk or wollen ribbed fabric, hence, garment made from same

150 long and complicated story about how he had suddenly received a message from a friend who was minister of a distant parish in the Cotswolds, asking him to go over and take evening prayers. "I went on my bicycle," he said, "and got rather wet coming back, so I thought it would be wise to have a hot bath."

Miss Morrow listened to this story in amazement. She wondered if it showed in her face, for she had never before, as far as she could remember, heard a
155 clergyman telling what she knew to be deliberate lies. And what a hopeless story! she thought pityingly. If Mr. Latimer had thought it necessary to give some explanation of his splendid bath, surely he could have done so without involving himself in such an account, the falseness of which could easily be proved by judicious enquiries. Why couldn't he have said that he had a bad cold and leave it
160 at that? Mrs. Wardell might have accepted a cold, but, as it was, she would probably go asking awkward questions about this friend and his parish in the Cotswolds, which Mr. Latimer might find difficult to answer. Nor was Miss Morrow mistaken; before she could think of anything to say, Mrs. Wardell was asking in an interested tone the name of the place where he had been.

165 "Crampton Hodnet," said Mr. Latimer glibly.

Was there such a place? Miss Morrow wondered. She was sure that there was not. She waited nervously for Mrs. Wardell to make some comment and sat rapidly knitting purl instead of plain,³ not daring to look at anybody.

170 "What a nice name," said Mrs. Wardell. "I don't think I've been there. Ben wondered what had happened to you, if you were ill or something, so I thought I'd better just slip in and see."

"I think I've managed to stave off a cold," said Mr. Latimer, in a high, rather sickly voice. He clutched at his collar and gave a determined cough.

175 "It's a pity you weren't in church, Miss Morrow," went on Mrs. Wardell pleasantly. "Old Lady Halkin had one of her *turns* and had to be taken out. It was really quite exciting."

"Miss Morrow has a cold," said Mr. Latimer quickly.

180 Mrs. Wardell suddenly burst out laughing. "You *poor* things," she said, "I think I'd better say that you *both* had colds. Ben's very understanding, and I haven't forgotten what it's like to be young myself."

"But I'm not young," protested Miss Morrow in agitation.

185 Mrs. Wardell wagged her finger and stood up to go. "But you're looking very nice in your blue velvet," she said. "I must rush off now. Old Dr. Fremantle and his wife are coming to supper. So depressing." She sighed. "Reminiscences of Oxford in the eighties, with a few daring little academic jokes. And poor Olive's so dreary.

They went out into the hall together.

Continued

³knitting purl instead of plain—making inside-out stitches

190 “What pretty berries,” said Mrs. Wardell, examining the ones Miss Morrow had picked in the afternoon, and which lay on a chair in the hall, waiting to be put in water.

“Yes, aren’t they?” agreed Miss Morrow. “I got them on Shotover this afternoon.”

“Oh, did you go there this afternoon?” said Mr. Latimer, in a ridiculously casual voice. “I’ve heard it’s a very nice walk.”

195 “Particularly when it’s raining and you ought to be assisting at evening prayers,” said Miss Morrow, when they had got Mrs. Wardell safely out of the door.

“Oh, *what* an experience!” said Mr. Latimer, flopping down on the sofa.

200 “Well, I really think you made it worse,” said Miss Morrow. “Your story was ridiculous. Heaven knows what Mrs. Wardell thinks we’ve been doing. She spoke almost as if . . . well, you know what I mean.” Miss Morrow, although unworldly, had a natural delicacy which would not allow her to speak plainer than that. But Mr. Latimer understood and felt that it was an uncomfortable situation.

205 “I really feel quite exhausted,” he said, slipping out of it easily. “Is there by any chance any sherry in the house?”

“I don’t keep a secret bottle in my bedroom,” said Miss Morrow, “but there is some in the sideboard. Miss Doggett only brings it out when we have company or when she feels she needs reviving.”

210 “Well, we have just had company, and we certainly need reviving,” said Mr. Latimer.

“All right, I’ll get some. I too have undergone a shattering experience,” said Miss Morrow, thinking that the first time one heard a clergyman telling deliberate lies could surely be called that. “Luckily the glasses are in the sideboard, but I shall have to hide them and wash them myself, otherwise Maggie and Florence
215 might think things. Florence is such an intelligent girl,” she added.

Miss Morrow came back with the sherry.

“You must let me propose a toast,” she said. “I think we should drink to the health of your friend, the minister of Crampton Hodnet.”

220 Mr. Latimer looked at her uneasily. He was beginning to realise that he had put himself completely in her power. Could he trust her? He disliked the idea of depending on her for his good reputation—or his bad one, for that matter. He felt he ought to say something but he hardly knew what, and, as the sherry brought warmth and contentment to his body, his mind grew lazy, so that he said something which, although it was the first thing that came into his head, was not
225 perhaps a very wise choice. “What a pretty dress you’re wearing,” he said. “Blue is my favourite colour.”

Barbara Pym
English novelist

V. Questions 46 to 55 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the book *The Most Beautiful House in the World*.

from THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN THE WORLD

The narrator is a young graduate architect who has been asked to design a house on the holiday island of Formentera, off the coast of Spain.

Traditionally, the architect had been called upon to reinterpret forms, not to invent them, since the programmatic requirements of buildings changed slowly. Even so, occasionally a problem for which there was no precedent did present itself. In such cases, the designer could either adapt an existing building form to the new use (as Thomas Jefferson did when he modeled the new capitol of Virginia on a Roman temple) or try to invent something new. This is what was done when the country house was devised, or when the first housing terrace in seventeenth-century London was built, or when the prototype for the tall office building was established. The twentieth century has seen few successful examples—the drive-in restaurant and the gas station are modest but original contributions. The airport is certainly a new function, although, unlike the Victorian railway station, it has not produced a satisfying architectural resolution.

The invention of new building types is a rare occurrence. On the other hand, the idea that an architect should create new forms for *any* building is a peculiarly modern one. The pioneers of the Modern Movement were admiringly referred to as the Form Givers. Their buildings didn't fit in, they stuck out; so did the designs of their successors. No one was ever applauded for designing buildings that looked the same as all the others. But Michael's question¹ began to nag at me. What if he was right? What if a new building needn't—indeed shouldn't—look different from its neighbors? How to proceed?

One reason that his comment struck home was that the traditional houses of Formentera—and there were no others—were beginning to grow on me. The rocky land was barren, and there were few villages; most of the houses stood alone, hardly distinguishable from the low stone walls that surrounded them. It was not that these buildings were strikingly beautiful—this was no picturesque Aegean island—but that their modest stone walls seemed right: nothing else would do in this harsh and denuded landscape. Like neighboring Ibiza, Formentera had a history of Arab occupation lasting several centuries, and many of the houses exhibited Moorish features—flat roofs, small apertures, and cool, dark interiors. Each of the three or four rooms was given a slightly different

Continued

¹Michael's question—Michael, the narrator's friend, had questioned the evident novelty of the narrator's initial design sketches

ceiling height, the main room being the tallest, which produced a pleasing variation of flat roofs on the exterior. The houses were also, as I was finding, comforting and comfortable to live in.

35 The more I looked, the more I became intrigued by the elusive attraction of these humble dwellings. What was their secret? I bought a tape measure and made exact drawings of the house in which I was living, the layout of the rooms, the ceiling heights, the door and window sizes. “There is nothing magic in this question of human dimensions,” I wrote in my journal. “It is, rather, a matter of *fit*. Things can be put down, seen, sat on, sat in, leaned against comfortably. A
40 door is where the person goes through; it is obviously big enough, yet not needlessly larger. It fits.”

By this time I had stopped designing altogether. Instead, I walked around the island, sketching and measuring houses of friends and acquaintances and the many abandoned half-ruins that marked the most recent of the recurring droughts. I
45 began to recognize various common features: their sturdy proportions, the way in which stone was used, the varying heights of different roofs, how windows were located. In addition to the *fincas*—as the country houses were called—there were four seventeenth-century watch towers, strategically located along the coast, and four peaceful windmill towers, also disused. In the principal village of San
50 Francisco, there was an old, fortified church. These landmarks were visible from afar in the flat landscape, the only rhetorical flourishes in the otherwise subdued domestic scene. Like the Spanish that I was slowly learning, all these architectural features represented a vocabulary. If a new house was to fit—and to fit in—it too would have to learn the language.*

55 Before returning to my own design problem, I assembled my drawings and notes on the traditional houses into a sort of book. At the beginning I tried to write what I had learned from this work; it was a poem—the words of a twenty-four-year-old who has just discovered that there is more to architecture than the building game.

60 Best to tell it from my own point of view.
Faced on all sides with unavoidable rock. Build
on, built of.
Stand on.
Rocks that crawl up behind you. Rocks that speak
65 with the moon.

Continued

* There may have been another dimension to my preoccupation with “fitting in.” As a child of Polish parents in postwar Britain, as a schoolboy with an English accent, short pants, and an unpronounceable name in a small town in Canada, and as an *anglais* in French-speaking Quebec, I found that learning new languages—and new behavior—came naturally.

In other words,
rocks.

70 And you are in the sun and want to get out of it
and out of the cold wind that blows in January,
and out of the rain, but later you will wish for
the rain.

And it's an island you are on.

Sea and land.

75 Rock Sun Rain Sea Land

The Litany of the Saints

San Francisco Javier, pray for us.

80 But the villages are small, for sun and sea and no
water and no electricity. And no history, or too
much. The Moors were here, and the Romans
who named it, and the Greeks and the
Carthaginians and the Goths, and earliest of all
the Phoenicians, whose graves were found on
the island.

85 Their feet facing the sun. The unavoidable fact of
the sun.

The island a rock. The rock, upon rock, a house.

Bigness and littleness.

To build a house means to rearrange the rocks.

So simple.

90 And from the arrangement: shade, coolness, rest,
a house.

Years later, I have sometimes shown the drawings of the little Formentera house to my first-year class, as an example of stone construction. Once, after a lecture, a student came up to me and asked about the house, something to do with the materials or the building technique. After I answered, he said, "I didn't realize that this was one of your designs—when you showed it to us I thought it was just an ordinary farmhouse." The house differed from the local examples in several important details, but the general impression was as he had described it: the house was unquestionably plain. There was beauty in its plainness, at least in my eyes, but it was not a striking beauty that dazzled; it would take time to appreciate its unassuming charms. It was ordinary, or, rather, it was not extraordinary (which is not the same thing). In this plain and homely place, it fitted in.

95
100

Witold Rybczynski
Contemporary Canadian
architect and writer

VI. Questions 56 to 63 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Sticks and Stones*.

from STICKS AND STONES

The play is based on the true story of the Donnelly family who came from Ireland in 1844 to Biddulph Township in Ontario, and were nearly annihilated by a secret society formed among their neighbours thirty-eight years later. The impulse behind this secret society was the hatred and enmity that characterized the feelings of some of the Irish toward their English landlords before emigrating to Canada.

CHARACTERS:

TOM CASSLEIGH—a powerful Irish neighbour of the Donnellys, tried several times for killing an Englishman, recently made a local magistrate

JENNIE—Donnelly's daughter, who narrates the story

JIM DONNELLY—an Irishman, defiant resister of the secret society formed against his family. Has just returned home after having served a seven-year prison term for killing a man

The following scene takes place the day after "persons unknown" burned down Donnelly's barn in 1867. Irish dialect is used throughout.

CASSLEIGH drives up in a wagon and meets JIM DONNELLY on the road.

TOM CASSLEIGH: Is it Jim Donnelly whose barn was burnt up last evening?

JENNIE: *What did my father reply?*

JIM DONNELLY: Tom Cassleigh, it is that Donnelly whose barn was burned up last night when he and his family were away at the wedding.

5 **TOM CASSLEIGH:** We're at the crossroads, Jim, and there's empty roads for miles with nothing on them, no one coming towards us; let's have a talk, Jim.

JIM DONNELLY (*Examining*): Tom, you've got yourself a new wagon. Sure get down from it and we'll have a talk.

TOM CASSLEIGH: New position in the world, Jim, new wagon.

10 **JIM DONNELLY** (*Lifting up horses' hooves*): New position?

TOM CASSLEIGH: Haven't you heard? I'm now the first Catholic Justice of the Peace in this township.

Continued

JIM DONNELLY: Sure, Tom, the bench needs someone of your experience to tell us how it is from all the sides. Why, Tom, there's one new shoe on this horse—it's clean from the forge.

TOM CASSLEIGH: What of that?

JIM DONNELLY: Well, as you know, that horse lost a shoe last night. By the light from our blazing granary¹ my sons found it for you. (*Holding up the horseshoe, DONNELLY uses it as bait to lure CASSLEIGH down from his perch, plays soccer with it, kicks it under the wagon, etc.*)

TOM CASSLEIGH: Donnelly, give that to me. Yes, we want you out of the township. Last month at haying time we offered you good money for your miserable fifty acres, so see what happened, you Blackfoot² face of a dog, you went into town to buy even more land today. (*Perhaps DONNELLY has got the horseshoe on the end of CASSLEIGH's whip and dangles it up on the wagon making CASSLEIGH jump.*) Do we have to make the offer again?

JIM DONNELLY: Oh make the offer again, Tom, and see what we say.

TOM CASSLEIGH: We say? Who's on your side?

JIM DONNELLY: A great many people with good hearts into them.

TOM CASSLEIGH: We can change that. For one thing the next drainage dispute won't go your way, with me on the bench.

JIM DONNELLY: But Tom, maybe we'll take your offer. Tell me what it is. We're at the crossroads, there's no one coming towards us for miles, let us talk.

TOM CASSLEIGH (*Panting*): Would you believe it. We're willing to buy you out at the same price we offered at haying time.

JIM DONNELLY: And when the Donnellys are gone the whole line will be yours, won't it? No one else to stand up to you or stand up to Mr Stub. There's a thing I said in Ireland once that perhaps you heard.

TOM CASSLEIGH: We let you go then, Donnelly, but fathers swore sons to follow you and show you up for the Blackfoot be-by-yourself you were that night.

JIM DONNELLY: I said something that night and I'll say it again.

TOM CASSLEIGH: Donnelly, there's one more turn. (*Pause*) Come and join us again, Jim. We can use your seven sons. Don't count on your Protestant friends. It could have been Stub who burned you out. They use you, Jim, don't you see? Already your sons are blamed for things they do to us. And when we do things to them we're spreading the word it's you.

Continued

¹granary—barn

²Blackfoot—Irishmen from Tipperary, Ireland, or their descendants, who would not join in the activities against the English landlords

JIM DONNELLY (*Throwing the horseshoe under the wagon and visibly affected by this*): You damn weasel, sneaking in and out behind the wheels of your cart.

50 Yes, let me out of Biddulph.

TOM CASSLEIGH (*Silky*): We'll let you out of Biddulph, Jim. Follow your other Blackfoot friend to Michigan if you like.

JIM DONNELLY (*Pause*): No, this is a new country we live in, it's not back in the old country we're living. Mrs Donnelly and myself are free to do as we
55 please. No one has to be afraid of secret societies, secret people; we're not in Ireland, do you hear, Tom Cassleigh. (*DONNELLY is now after CASSLEIGH.*)

TOM CASSLEIGH: In the daytime, Jim. But at night—confess, you dream your dream you are back under Keeper's Hill³ and the Whitefeet⁴ knock on your door to ask you some questions.

60 **JIM DONNELLY**: No.

TOM CASSLEIGH: This is your last chance then. Get out. You killed one of us and you must pay in exile or kind.

JENNIE: *But in crawling under the wagon after the horseshoe my father had thrown there, Mr Cassleigh in reaching for it—jammed his shoulder in the
65 spokes of his wagon wheel—his horses moved a bit and he was pinned.*

JIM DONNELLY: Aye, I killed, shure I killed—fighting for my name and my family and my land in hot blood. On this very road down at the tracks you killed—by cold proxy. Having myself seven sons and a girl I ask you what children have you? . . . And you're afraid of us. (*Searching around for a
70 stick*) You're so afraid of not having that horseshoe you've got yourself stuck beneath your own wagon, haven't you. My wife, Tom, is the only person in this settlement who ever stood up to you. She stopped you from cutting up Donegan and until she's afraid and wants to leave I'm not either. Now I'll beat your horses with this stick and they'll gallop off with your face down in
75 the gravel. . . .

TOM CASSLEIGH: Donnelly! (*The horses shift, but CASSLEIGH is still trapped.*)

JIM DONNELLY: Hush. Not so loud or they'll bolt. There, there, my beauties. Why you caught your arm trying to reach for the horseshoe; here I'll put it a bit closer. I'll jam it right into your mouth, Cassleigh. Bite onto it, there.
80 (*He frees him and pushes him up onto his wagon.*) Did you think, Cassleigh, my boy, that after being away from my land for seven years I was going to

Continued

³Keeper's Hill—the name given to the location of the Donnellys' home in Tipperary, Ireland

⁴Whitefeet—members and descendants of a secret society in Tipperary, Ireland, sworn to attack their English landlords

- run away from it because you faction of sneaks said so? Look at this road. (*Scooping up gravel*) This part of the road your grand new cart rolls on I was the first pathmaster of. I built this road before you were ever heard of or
- 85 the Fat Woman and her husband who got half our farm away from us. Before Stub drove out the Africans and you killed the Englishman, I helped make this road with Andy Keefe who you've finally chased out, to your shame. Well, Tom, there's some horse dung: I didn't put that in my road, but have it anyhow. You drove out Donegan, but you'll never get
- 90 Donnelly's oak tree nor drive out his wife. Hold tight to your seat; here, take the reins, because I'm going to larrup your horses one great larrup to show their master who's the master of this road. (*Whack*) You ask me to kneel, do you? And swear? (*He throws stones after the retreating wagon.*) Donnellys don't kneel. . . .
- 95 **JENNIE:** *A dozen years after this a mob led by Tom Cassleigh, and by this time he had turned nearly everyone against us, at night, this mob broke into my father's house, clubbed them to death and then burnt the house down over my mother and father's heads.*

James Reaney
Canadian writer
and broadcaster

VII. Questions 64 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

JOURNEY HOME

- Certainly there had been nothing but the extraordinary rain for
a long time—
nothing but the rain, the grey buildings, the grey snow,
when landscape broke the lens and smacked his face
5 with a flag of blue
and the white thunder of snow
rolling the hills.
- Hurry was in his veins;
violence vaulted the loose-box¹ of his head;
10 hurry was hot in the straw
and snapped in the eyes
of the innocent traveller.
- And flex and flux were there
like acrobats
15 waving their banners.
So declamatory was his blood
that he owned the train;
its whistle was in his throat,
its wheels in his brain.
- 20 Once he became a panoramic view,
the white of the valleys and hills
his own still flesh.
But speed re-formed him
he was forced to change
25 his contours and his outlook and his range.
Rushing through forest he was dark again
and the great coniferous branches brushed his face.

Continued

¹loose-box—a closed stall in a barn where an animal (usually a horse) may be housed without being tied

Rabbit spoor² resembled his memory
of what he once had been—faint against faintness,
30 definite as dust,
of the no-taste of wafers, of the warmth
that neither gives nor takes.
Past was a pastel rubbed as he hurried past.

And now that the tunnel of trees was done, his eyes
35 sprinted the plain where house lights in the dusk
fired pistols for the race that led him on.
He shed the train like a snake its skin; he dodged
the waiting camera which with a simple click
could hold him fast to the spot beside the track.

40 And as the air inflated his lungs he stood
there in the dark at his destination knowing
somewhere—to left? to right?—he was walking home
and his shoulders were light and white as though wings were
growing.

P.K. Page
Contemporary Canadian poet

²spoor—tracks

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